THE CHARACTER OF A Pilfering Taylor,

Or a True

ANATOMY OF Monſieur Stich,

In all his

TRICKS and QUALITIES.

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The Character of a Pilfering Tailor, &c.

A Tailor is a Sorry piece of Mortality, intended by nature for a man, but ſpoil'd in the makeing up by too many falſe Stitches, a bungled thing compoſed of the ſhreds that were pared off when *Adam* was rough-caſt; the end of his being differs from all others, for it is not to ſerve God but cover ſin and ſhame, and he came into the world much about the ſame time, he Juſtifies Theft as a neceſſary part of his calling, and pride which cauſed the fall of Angels, ſets him up; you may know him in the ſtreet by his tawdry cloths, which are fine, but neither good nor handſome, and his ſhuffling affected gate, whereby as he goes, his breech every ſtep ſeems to cry ſtitch, ſtitch; His chiefeſt care is how to finify other mens Backs, and feed his own Belly; There was a long conteſt between him and the Barber which was the beſt Gentleman, but at laſt haveing got a clap, he was forc'd to yeild to the Doctor with the Chequer'd Apron, and ever ſince *Don Barbaroſo* carries the precedency under the title of Barber-chirurgeon; though in other points he be generally Fanati-

natical, yet he joins with the Church in an high esteem of solemn Festivals, and he has reason so to do, for against Christmass, Easter, Whitsuntide, he is a man of some repute and multiplicity of Business, But most of the year besides, like a thick cloake in Summer, he is only fit to be hung up and neglected; his offensive and defensive arms are, Needle and Thimble, the last he used as a Gantlet for securing the top of his midle finger, for his life (at least his livelyhood) lies there, as *Achilles*'s his death did in his heel; with the other he has for many years carried on a fierce war against certain backbiting Enemies, which like Caniballs devour mens flesh, and are continually makeing Inventions and Incursions into his Territories, though he often surprize them with terrible slaughters, so that you shall seldome meet him but you may perceive on his Thumb-nails the bloody Trophies of his victories; yet he hath one weapon more which he much affecteth, and that is the long Bill, which he manages to the great prejudice of a young Gallants Estate; his theife upholder is pride and fantastick vanity, a new fashion being to him like the terme to a Lawyer, And if ever he go to Church, tis not to serve God, but to spye out the newest Mode for Gownes and Pantaloons, and strait the Mechaincks Wives and Kitchin-mads come trowling with their old duds to be new altered, for as good be out of life as out of Fashion.

This fond humour is a disease in the body politick that deserves a sharper corrosive than a satyr, a nipping

ping penal ſtatute to Eat away this proud fleſh, and lay the Itch of Faſhon-monging, that perſons may ſuit their dreſſes to their Qualities, and *Joan* may be diſtinguiſht from her lady at leaſt in the day time whatever ſhe is in the night; I am apt to think *Adams* word would have been ſooner taken, than a Knights bond now, yet was he great in no bodies books for Taffaty or Velvet, the ſilk Worms had ſomething elſe to do in thoſe dayes than to ſet up Looms and be free of the Weavers, his Breeches I believe were ſcarce To rich as our King *Stephens* that coſt but an honeſt noble ready made, for I take it the ſtuff of *Adams* Holiday Summer ſuit was only Fig-leaves, and another for Winter made of ſheep-skins, and *Eves* beſt Gownes were of the ſame, there went but a pair of ſhears between'um, (an antiquary in this Town has yet ſome of the Powder of thoſe Leaves to ſhew,) Tailers then were none of the Twelve companies, Their Hall that now is larger than ſome Towns in the Neitherlands, was then I'le warrant it Scarce ſo big as an ordinary Round-houſe or cage, Faſhions then were counted a diſeaſe, and Horſes dyed of it, but now (thanks to folly) tis held the only rare Phyſick, and Tailors live, and Gentlemen are undone by it.

However I cannot but commend our Tailor for his skill in Geometry, for he boaſts of rare Performances in palliating crookedneſs, and Swears that when he has had a cuſtomer twiſted like a Footboys ſtick with a Wood-Bine about it, ſo that you would Gueſs her mother had the twiſting of the Guts

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when ſhe conceived her, he by art has made her appear as ſtrait as Fair *Roſamond*, and in all reſpects proportionable, yet muſt he confeſs he is not able to take meaſure of his own conſcience, for though he have many Bottomes, yet that it ſeems is wholly bottomeleſs; He differeth altogether from God, for with him the beſt peices are ſtill markt out for damnation, and without hope of recovery ſhall be caſt down into *Hell*, he is partly an Alchymiſt, for he extracteth his own apparel out of other mens cloaths, and when occaſion ſerveth, maketh a Brokers ſhop his Limbeck, and can turn your Silks into Gold, and having furniſht his neceſſities after a moneth or two, if he be forced to it, reduce them again into their proper ſubſtance, he never makes Garment for man or Woman but he ſnips ſome peices from them, ſometimes out of a Suit and cloake enough to make a boy a pair of breeches or a Doublet, and ſometimes for both, he drives a trade with Sadlers for peices of cloath to make ſeats for Saddles, The courſe cloth makes Spatterdaſhes for country Ploughmen, Woollen caps and Mittens for old Women; if a Suit and cloak of good cloath, or a Gown of Rich Silk be to be made, he perſwades 4 or 5 more to buy of the ſame (pretending tis the onely ſtuff in faſhion) and out of them all he will pilfer a whole Suit and cloak, or Gown for his own diſpoſe; cloth of Siſver, brancht Sattin, and the like, goes for Pincuſhions, Pinpillows, Womens Purſes, and if black, they are excellent for church-wardens caps; I will not

not ſpeak of his ſtretching Gold and Silver-laces, of his taking up much more for an ignorant cuſtomer than he knows will ſerve, of his confederating with the Mercer or Draper in the price when the cuſtomer goes with him, of which a Spil is to be returned in private; nor of his bubling people with putting in any rotten ſtuff for lining where it is not ſeen; The Story is well known of a Gentleman, who bringing a Suit to be made, that he might have them the warmer, had bought two yards of Bays to cotten his Breeches in the inner ſide, the Tailor thought it to good for ſuch a uſe, and therefore took it to himſelf and ſupplyed it with old painted cloth, it happened ſhortly after the Gentleman wearing thoſe cloths to *Iſlington* as he went over a ſtile, a Snag or cleft took hold of his Breeches and rent a great ſlaſh or gap in them that diſcovered the theft, for right againſt the hole was the Picture of a Devil with a Muckfork in his hand, which made the Gentleman admire how the Devil he ſhould come there, ſerching further he found more of his fellowes all Arm'd as aforeſaid, tormenting of *Dives* in the flames, which put him in a great rage to conſider how that by the knavery of the Tailor he ſhould carry Hell-fire in his Breech, and wiſht *Sir Stich* had been there to keep them company that he might have been revenged on him; And as the Maſter robs the cuſtomer, ſo do his Journymen rob him if they have opportunity, Silk, Peices, Lace, whalebone, all is fiſh that comes to net, Nay the very Trotter has his Intrigues too, for to raiſe a Sume, he ſhall

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run privately to shops where his Master is acquainted, and desire them to send him some Patterns of the newest fashion'd Gold and Silver Lace, which he does, and so he goes to 2. or 3. Shops, and then melts 'um all fairly down and gets almost half a peice by it.

But tis time to return to our Master-cheat, he is certainly a man of good parts, for he is double yarded, and yet his wife complains of want of measure, He is able to out cant a Quack Doctor, and when he runs over the Catalogue of his stuffs you would thinke him going to Conjure, for he talks of Parrigon Burrigon, Phillippine, Cheny, Grogrum, Damassilly, Novats, Pinkanilly Pinkadins, Prunella, Italiano, Castiliano, Perpetuana, Sempiternum, Tamme, Taminet, Tamelets, and a thousand more which *Adam* never gave names to, begin more for pride than warmth, and rather to prank up sin than cover nakedness; He is in part likewise an Arithmetician Cunning enough for Multiplication, and Addition, but cannot abide substraction, *Summa totalis* is the Language of his *Canaan*, and even to the utmost farthing the period of his Charity, and yet he is often forced (and may afford it) to cut his bill asunder in the midest, and take only for half his unconscionable Items; Thus he lives to the destruction of halfpenny loaves and young Gallants, and perhaps die miserably of a Surfeit of Cucumbers, but if he have taken a sufficient Antidote of Cabbadge before, he may grow great in his Parish, and there we leave him, hopeing that if God give him the Grace of Repentance and Restitution, he may at last cheat the Devil as he hitherto has done his Customers.

FINIS.